

blue, blue, blue

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by [offday](#)

Summary

“Purple,” George mutters with a squint, voice deepening somewhere between curiosity and lust.

Dream shows him the candy between his teeth, bites it until it’s hard to pull away.

It’s blue raspberry, George. “Do my lips look purple?”

Dream’s heart hammers dangerously in his chest as his fingers fan out across the back of George’s ribs. He nods slowly, shrugs.

“See for yourself,” George whispers. “If it’ll show up purple on my back when you kiss me again.”

Notes

welcome to my first fic! please leave kudos if you do enjoy.
thank you :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

At eight in the morning, the sun pours past the curtains and floods onto the sheets of Dream’s bed.

He never keeps them open like this, never accepts the exposure or the faintest warmth that usually comes after the storms they have.

Rather, he prefers to wake up in darkness. He'll watch the sun peek through the blackout curtains and wish to turn his nose into the coolness of his pillow.

Usually, his bed is empty.

He only accompanies the left side of it. It's the side that is closest to the door, closest to his side table, and closest to his outlet. The right side seems better, in theory. It must be colder, since it's relatively closer to his fan and much farther from the window. It's not fully wedged up against the wall, but there's a feeling of protection as he lies on the right side of the bed.

As Dream looks now—as he sits at his desk chair and glances over at his messy bed—he sees how lively the right side looks.

He's used to the dullness it gives off, but today the sun's arms touch onto his navy sheets and rub against the comforter there.

More importantly, it's George's body in his bed that looks so tender under the sheets.

Dream doesn't want to stare this early, especially with the sleep still stuck to his eyes, with the bitter taste of the night hours clinging to his tongue. His throat is dry, and he wishes he could fall back onto the bed and drift into the single hour of sleep he had gotten.

They lied awake with each other, chests bare and bodies close, blankets and pillows and random stuffed animals buried around them as they spoke through the storm.

Dream watched a flame through George's eyes, watched fear meet determination to stay afloat the water begging to drag him down.

George hates storms.

It happened around nine in the evening when George was all red-cheeked, choked up from laughing so much through a stream with Quackity.

Dream had seen the entire thing.

He had George pulled up on his second monitor and nearly missed it by the time he watched the water in his mug rattle.

The first clap of thunder had caused George's laughter to knock down. Dream knew him so well that he could tell by the way he was licking his lips that George was blanching with terror and stiffening his spine in order to show his bravery—he was playing it off. He wasn't doing poorly either, but Dream knew almost every expression from him and begged silently that George wouldn't push himself to stay streaming.

So he had texted him after checking the radar.

End, George. It's only getting worse.

Only seconds later had George replied.

trying... im trying

That night, and together, they spoke his fear away. Drunk sour lemonade in bed and lost candy wrappers between the sheets. And when Dream felt himself tire, when he felt the weight of his eyelids grow too heavy, George grunted at him—and Dream woke. He woke and sucked on hard candy and talked about stupid, shitty jokes until George fell asleep with his hand wedged between his knees and his forehead close to Dream's heart.

Even then, Dream wouldn't sleep.

He couldn't, not when he feared the storm would return, not when he feared George would wake up and no longer be close.

"You let the sun in." George's voice startles Dream from his thoughts.

Dream takes a deep breath, brings his eyes to George, who perches up on his elbows in bed.

He looks well rested.

His hair is a mess.

"I did," Dream tells him.

"You hate that."

George's voice sounds much softer than it did during the late hours of the night. It's much more honeyed now.

Dream still thinks that it could drown him.

"I do," he replies. "But you don't, and I figured after last night, you know, it'd be nice to know that the world isn't so..."

Dream trails off.

George doesn't yawn, but he stretches his forearm over his mouth and arches upward a little, revealing more of his chest.

Dream wonders if George has noticed that he's put on a sweater, that he's the only one showing skin against the bed they slept on.

"Fucked?" He smirks.

Dream chuckles. "Yeah, that."

"I like waking up all warm," George admits and sinks back onto the bed. He curls onto his side and twists his body until he's splayed across where Dream had slept. "So thanks for that."

Dream exhales through his nose.

Of course George would appreciate the way the sun has breathed through the windows. His cheeks are already blush-red and imprinted, courtesy of the pillows, but now the sunlight does him so much better by bringing attention to more detail—to his eyebrows and his mouth and his collarbones.

"Why have you woken up so early, though?"

George traces the emptiness of the bed. Dream wishes to join him again, to grip his hand or draw

with him, maybe add to his presence in bed, eat candies, kiss him until his mouth turns a new color.

Dream blinks. “Early?”

“Isn’t it like seven in the morning?”

Dream can see how fucking pink his lips are.

“Oh,” Dream sighs. “I hardly slept.”

A rush of guilt covers George’s face, and Dream’s palms burn in concern. He shouldn’t have even told him.

“I’m sorry,” George mutters.

Dream stands up from the chair, and for a moment he thinks about pulling the curtains shut to trap them in that familiar darkness, but he decides against it. Instead, he sits near a patch of sunlight on the edge of the bed.

“No,” he hums, and brings his eyes to meet George’s. “I’m not. You fell asleep late, too, but it was still storming and there—I wasn’t in the mood to sleep. I wanted to make sure you were okay.”

George’s cheek smashes into the mattress, and he squishes it further as he moves toward Dream. The blankets fall from his back and from his chest, but he reaches out and pokes and prods his fingers into Dream’s thigh, a considerably huge pout on his face.

“You’re the bestest friend I could have ever asked for.”

Dream sees him there, stands on the edge of hopelessness and crumbles in desire. His hand reaches forward and disappears into George’s messy set of hair.

Even *that* is warm.

Dream sighs as his thumb rubs up behind George’s ear.

“It’s scary, you know?” George mutters as his eyelids flutter shut.

“The storm?”

George nods.

He shuffles to his stomach and rolls his right shoulder, and Dream follows suit. He knows what George wants. If his hands find George’s skin—if George wants Dream to touch him, Dream will.

He interrupts their conversation. “Scoot further up.”

George obeys, discards most of the blankets, and climbs up the bed until he points his bare back to the ceiling.

Many mornings Dream has seen him like this, has touched him like this, has danced his fingers over sore, tense spots on George’s back. He appreciates it in the mornings. Often, George falls back asleep when Dream’s hands tire and when he resorts to skimming his nails in gentle scratches instead. He never notices when Dream writes his name again and again and again. Dream will never tell him either.

Today, with the sun having given Dream the extra heat, his hands are warm on George's skin—and he is thankful.

Dream hums. "It is scary, though, sometimes. I agree. Last night's storm seemed to last forever, too."

George says nothing for a moment. He just lets his breath die out into the bundle of blankets next to his face.

The familiarity of their positions in bed has Dream whispering soft tunes to himself as his hands float over George's back.

His legs are comfortable at George's side and his knuckles start near his collar, nudging forward to sprawl out the pads of his fingers. He draws up into his hair and rubs at his ears, watches George relax into the touch when he presses near his temples.

God, Dream thinks that he'd live a perfect life just watching George sink into comfort like this. He'd do anything to stay here, to watch his skin melt into the navy sheets.

"You have so much tension in your neck," Dream says with only traces of humor. He doesn't mean to say it sharply, but when George doesn't laugh with him, Dream fears he has descended the wrong way. "Like, I feel like it's gonna take me ages to just loosen it up."

This time George's mouth shapes to a smile, and he rolls his shoulders as if trying to help aid the loosening up.

"Then I guess we'll be here awhile," George says. "Don't move until I feel better."

"What if you just never tell me when you feel better?"

"Then that sucks for you."

Dream, to mess with George, shifts his hands to his upper back and pushes his fingers into muscle. George squirms underneath the touch and kicks his leg back until his heel collides with Dream's body. He looks restless like this, half twisted and all smiles, eyes lighting up when he realizes that his feet have accidentally inflicted pain upon Dream.

"Ow! Oh—you motherfucker!"

Dream's elbow firmly drives down until he's hovering over George's back.

"No!" George gasps, voice so close to a shout. "Don't you dare elbow me in the spine, you idiot!"

Dream drops his forearms onto George's upper back, presses his cheek to his own arms, and then laughs. He lies there on top of him, his body bouncing up slightly from George's faint laughter.

"You—don't!" George speaks through his teeth, his laughter flooding out the room. "I swear."

Dream can hear him so clearly from this angle. His laughter is uncensored, all exposed, loud and sincere. George even bites on his tongue and hums, all things that Dream notices about his bouts of laughter.

"I wasn't even gonna do that in the first place, George."

The way Dream speaks back to him is calming. He addresses it with a smile, with a reassuring tone. He notices the tilt of his own lips when George sighs and when he groans.

He's always been this way, acting as if he's annoyed with Dream when Dream can hear and see the smile through his irritated sounds. George chuckles a moment, but dips farther into the bed when Dream's breath eases into the crease of his neck.

"Okay! Well, get off! Do what you came here to do."

George's cheeks are pinker now, and likely from the fact that he's been rubbing them up against the mattress, or maybe from holding his breath and shouting at Dream in arguments to not dig his elbow into foreign places of his back.

Regardless, he looks pretty.

And Dream stares as he scoots back down George's body until he's half off of him.

He smooths his palms over George's back and takes in a deep breath when he realizes he covers almost most skin there.

Dream presses his lips together and breathes through his nose.

He moves upwards and lets the heels of his palms go until they run off George's shoulders and slip onto the pillows. Then he returns to the map of his back, the empty canvas that slowly turns to a light red from pressure.

Fuck, Dream thinks. He wants to touch and touch and touch.

"How'd you get good at this?" George asks him.

Dream looks down at him, at the side of George's face, and begs himself to find something to get distracted on.

He notices George's fingers that are pinching the tiniest piece of sheets together.

Dream wants him to grip.

"I don't know," Dream answers honestly. "You asked me to give you a massage that one time and I guess I just—learned?"

Silence rushes in, and Dream moves outward to George's sides. He focuses on his neck, listens to the way George hums in pleasure and pinches more and more of the bedsheets as they go.

"So I guess what the people say about you is true then, huh? You really are good at everything."

Dream's breath catches in his throat. It's so wet, the way George speaks. He's got this thick, soaking smile dripping with his words and it's laced with so much sincerity that Dream doesn't even think he could wring it out even if he tried.

He doesn't dare to stop his hands. Only his heart trembles in its beats, and he won't let George know it.

"You read what the people say about me?"

George scoffs at this. "Course I do."

If George reads what the people think about Dream, does he find all the details exhilarating? Do his fingers itch to find more and more things to learn, does his heart crave to reach out when he needs a question answered? Dream's eyes soften when George releases the sheets and pushes his

palm into the mattress so he can turn back to look at him.

George's eyes are warm and charged, and suddenly Dream rubs his thumb against the uppermost part of his spine, caresses down the bumps of his back.

Don't look away, Dream tries to beg him.

But George flattens back to the mattress and exhales so extensively.

"I read a lot about you too, you know," Dream says to him.

George's shoulders inch up toward his neck. "Do you?"

Dream shouldn't focus too intently on his voice and how it's lowered into a more dangerous range. But it's all he can hear as his hands knead down George's back. His lips part, and his stomach is tensing as he lets out a throaty sound of contentment. Dream doesn't need to hear them, doesn't need to know that he's doing a good job—he knows he is because George's hands are bunching more and more of the sheets and his toes are gradually rubbing along the mattress. He doesn't need to hear them, but he desperately wishes that the other sounds in the world would shut the fuck up so he could only hear George.

"I do." Dream drags his nails to George's waist, right near his hips, and feels a flip at his own belly when George arches up.

"Fuck," George chuckles under his breath. "I'm so sensitive there."

It's risky here. Dream wants in, in, in.

"Want me to stop?"

"No."

Dream hums. "No nails?"

George considers this a moment.

"No, I like them. It feels nice when you do it that way. You've been kneading it awhile. Is my back red?" George asks.

And your mouth. And your cheeks.

I want them redder.

"A little."

"Just do whatever," George tells him.

Dream resorts to tracing with his nails, being gentle over the edges where he knows George is sensitive. George seems to ease at this, even more than earlier, and Dream uses the minutes of silence to think as he draws on George's back. He thinks about work, about George, about his future. He thinks about his past, about nights of George and him and the moon.

"You're so good with your hands," George tells him, voice drowsy with a comfortable tiredness. He clears his throat. "Would you ever let me try it on you?"

Several seconds pass over them. Dream smooths his hands over George's lower back and dips his

thumbs at his waistband to press low. George hums.

“I don’t see why not,” he answers. “Your hands are cold, though.”

George hides his laugh. “Whatever.”

Dream scoots down on the bed, lies in a more comfortable position until his cheek presses to the backside of George’s ribs. He pauses for a moment to imagine George’s hands on him.

Oh. George’s smaller hands against the widespread of his back.

Without thinking, Dream nudges his nose into George’s side and presses a kiss to one of the warmer, redder parts of his skin.

His face dulls into a flushed color right after. Yet, Dream doesn’t pull away. He doesn’t recoil. Instead, he lets the side of his nose rest against the previously kissed spot on George’s back. His other hand reaches up to George’s spine and presses his thumb nail into oddly shaped D’s.

“What was that for?” George asks in a chuckle, voice teetering on something Dream can’t recognize.

The surrounding air is sticky with the shadows of their emotions. Dream can see the way George’s back rises anew, slower, as if his breaths become deeper, as if his skin flushes from all different angles now.

Dream’s gaze is intent on him—on the curve down George’s back and the flickers at his mouth as he watches for any distress.

“Because I felt like it,” Dream says to him honestly. “I don’t know.”

George pauses a moment. Dream thinks that maybe he’s going to laugh at him and swear him out for being annoying, for being an absolute idiot, but he turns his head in a different angle and stretches his body until he can grasp two jolly ranchers in his hand.

He busies his fingers around the wrapping of the blue one and turns until his side is exposed. He bends forward and extends the candy to Dream’s lips. Dream stares at the grin across George’s face, and eases his muscles, knowing that George is more comfortable like this on the bed, rather than twisted and half arched while trying to reach back.

Dream startles from the gesture. His eyes turn to two larger ones as he stares at the candy between George’s fingertips. He gracefully pokes his tongue out and lets George place the blue raspberry flavored candy on his tongue. George pops a watermelon one in his own mouth and meets Dream’s gaze.

This reminds Dream of their mornings in the kitchen.

Or late nights when they don’t sleep, when the sun rises on them after they choose not to give in to their sleepiness and rather watch the sunrise after a long day of streaming. They’ll have been on each other’s streams, just rooms apart. And although there are panels stuck to parts of his wall, Dream will hear George’s laughter from his room.

On those late nights, they cook together in soft tones and light whispers, all of their jokes far behind them and left in their respective bedrooms.

Dream adores the way things will feel so domestic between them, like life is meant to be just him,

George, and the sun—and maybe the pancakes that they eat, the Nutella that smooths over the spoons in their drawers.

“Do another.” George’s eyes are sharper on his, speaking to him through only a glance.

He flops back onto his stomach on the mattress, his fingers splaying to his mess of sheets. He pinches them, and Dream watches.

Dream wishes to hold his palm under his stomach, right where he must be the warmest. He wants to hold him there, spread his fingers across and pull George’s back to his front until he’s breathing right at his ear—until he’s whispering gentle words of passion at George’s neck.

“Be careful with that in your mouth,” Dream reminds him as he lowers himself back to the bed.

George scoffs. “I know what to do.”

Dream flicks his skull.

His chest meets the mattress again, and this time all Dream can feel is the pit of his stomach lighting with a fire he hadn’t felt before. He guides his hands first, smooths them over the entirety of George’s back. It’s colder this time, from the lack of touch in the past few moments, and all Dream craves to do is trace his skin. He hums unknowingly and uses the back of his hand to touch George.

Then, he shoves the candy into his cheek—feels a sharp sting into the corners of his mouth—and plants a softer kiss to his skin.

The sound that exits George’s mouth makes Dream think of never leaving this position. He breathes out a sigh that turns into a higher-pitched, George-sort of shy laugh. The pit in Dream’s stomach tenses.

“And that one?” George whispers in a hushed tone. “What was that one for?”

“Cause you asked me.”

There’s a defeated sound behind George’s teeth. “Oh. Not because you wanted to?”

Dream knows him. He can see the whisking breaths behind George’s teeth, the flame that is balling up somewhere inside of him. Dream wants to say fuck it, turn him around, and glare at him until George drops his teasing act and covers his face in annoyance over the thick air between them.

“I think you know damn well I wanted to,” Dream exhales.

George clacks his candy around his teeth.

Dream listens. And he concentrates so desperately on his mouth when George cranes his neck back toward Dream. It coats his lips in whatever slicker, shinier spit that George has been covering them in from his candy. They’re even pinker, too.

Fuck.

George’s eyes drift down to Dream’s lips.

“Purple,” he mutters with a light squint, voice deepening somewhere between curiosity and lust.

Dream shows him the candy between his teeth, bites it until it’s hard to pull away.

It's blue raspberry, George. "Do my lips look purple?"

His heart hammers dangerously in his chest as his fingers fan out across the back of George's ribs.

George nods slowly, shrugs.

"See for yourself," George whispers. "If it'll show up purple on my back when you kiss me again."

Dream burns from the inside out.

"I don't know about it showing up like that." Dream breathes heavily over the most sensitive dip in George's back. "But, I can make fucking purple a different way."

George bunches up more of the sheets this time, and Dream can't help himself when he grasps his hand over his knuckles.

"I know. Do it."

A fizzy warmth spreads to the edges of Dream's brain when George opens his knuckles and allows Dream to intertwine their hands. It's never been like this. It's always been laughter and jokes and annoying each other until something got out of hand. Always Dream in George's ear while he still lived across the Atlantic, begging George to pack his things and move to Florida with him. It was the two of them and the sun—never too little of it to go around. But now the sun burns down their backs and crawls up their legs, sets fires in the pits of their stomachs as they whisper swears at each other's skin.

George's nails digs into Dream's hand while Dream kisses at his back.

"You're so—" George's voice is like a bell, ringing and ringing through Dream's head, trying to call him for something he needs to do. He's an alarm, loud and sharp and rattling through him until he's so awake that his body shakes. "Fuck."

"I'm?"

George stills. He gives Dream a look as he relaxes into the bed.

Dream notes it. "Good," he prompts. "Stay like this."

George lightens his grip on Dream's hand, and as he does, Dream moves until he can nuzzle his cheek against George's side to see his face.

"How's your candy?" He asks. "You're not about to choke on it, are you?"

Dream says it to tease him. He intends for George to laugh at him or roll his eyes. But George opens his mouth and attempts to show him how small the piece is, and when he does, his lips coat with more spit and it dribbles down onto the mattress. He coughs.

"Shit," they both mutter—and for different reasons.

As George reaches to wipe his mouth, Dream leans forward.

"Here," Dream says, his voice too low for his own good.

He uses his thumb to touch at George's chin lightly, to run over how spit-slick it is. His mind is on the edge, and he can't fucking think about anything other than George. All he can do is dip his fingers between George's lips to pull the candy from him.

There's a reckless look behind George's eyes, and Dream sees the blush spreading like a stain across his skin.

Dream slings the hard piece of candy across the room until it hits the door. It must be stuck to a random shirt on the floor—hopefully George's from last night because Dream doesn't want to have to deal with any hard sugar against his clothes.

George bursts into a brief gasp of laughter.

“Dream!”

Dream follows him, laughing alongside as his fingers go lax near George's jaw. He looks down fondly at his friend and sees months back to when he had first moved in, to when they were awkward with touch. Things had been so much stronger between them over the phone, but the moment George had arrived, they were like two opposing magnets, watching their tongues and placing sharp rocks in front of each other to manage space. Even with showering, they planned on asking each other beforehand, just to inform each other.

When caught in a stream together, everyone would tease them and ask about how the housing situation was going. Sapnap especially, would ask about the empty room—the room which would be his in just a few months when he finished up his degree back in Texas. Even donations would pour in about if they were cuddling. At those, the chat would groan, scold each other, and move on. But when it came from Sapnap's mouth, George and Dream were more quiet than anything.

“Oh, they're fucking silent,” Quackity would mutter in a tired voice, much lower than his usual. “You know they're sharing that couch, man.”

Dream had simmered on his words. “No—George is like. He avoids me so much in this house.”

“What!” George had said. “It's because Dream never leaves his bedroom! We meet like once a day in the kitchen, when we both remember to drink something other than—”

“—Bullshit!” Dream cut him off. “You—He's like... I don't know. We just—I think we're still getting used to this.”

From there, their conversation had eased. Quackity and Sapnap hummed in understanding, and George laughed soon after, agreeing quietly with Dream.

Dream remembers then after, remembers how he met with George that night in the kitchen, how they both sat on the counter and how his heart thumped nervously in his chest. They talked for hours about memories, about how nerve-wracking it actually was to be living together like they are, to be opening up such new, vulnerable sides to each other that have never been shown before. They had fallen asleep on the couch together, too tired and not ready for the intimacy of each other's bedrooms.

And somehow, months and months led to where they were now, how Dream's touch on George's skin felt so natural, like it barely took any effort to touch him without feeling nervous.

“I don't want you to choke on it,” Dream tells him, his fingers grazing against his jaw.

George shakes his head.

“You're frustrating,” he mutters with a smirk. “Not because you wanted to get closer to my mouth or something?”

The air between them doesn't feel as tense as Dream thought it would. He's half hovered over George, his fingers become stickier the longer he traces over his lips, and all he wants to do is dip further into the warmth that is behind George's stupid fucking smile.

Between them, the silence turns to something too heated.

George, *finally*, turns to lie on his back and looks up at Dream, watches the way his hand dips between his mouth, accepts and accepts and accepts. His tongue even encourages.

Their eyes meet.

"George," Dream whispers, almost in shock that their bodies were becoming so close.

George nods his head with a promise underneath his expression. Like this, Dream swears he can see the trapped lust behind his eyes. He still wants further in. George's mouth pulls Dream deeper until he can feel the sides of his cheeks when he hollows them.

"Oh," Dream can't swear yet. He uses his free hand and flattens it over George's belly, rubs his thumb in circles over the lowest part.

His body rises with heat, with so much impatience that he thinks even George feels how eager he is.

Dream is nothing but a friend of passion as he lets his mouth drop to George's chest. All the sour lemonade they drank the night before burns viciously in his stomach, turns to poison in his body as his core meets George's.

"Yes," George encourages, his voice half-muffled from Dream's fingers still in his mouth.

Dream knows where to go.

He needs lower and lower, until he's close to George's hips, until his lips are painting blues from the candy, and purples from suction.

When he's there, George's voice is all he hears. Dream uses both of his hands this time to hold his hips—soft, smooth skin underneath wet fingertips. He's nervous, and he breathes deeply, hoping desperately that it doesn't reveal too much when his tongue presses against the lowest part of George's belly.

The hands in his hair grip tightly, and Dream knows that George hardly holds on to things he needs. But now, as his hips lift, as his breaths stutter out in low whimpers, Dream thinks he is gripping in need.

He hears it. "Good."

The first one has Dream lighting low, has him half-hard and desperate to please.

He looks up and finds the pinkish tint to George's lips. He lets his chin rest on the tightness of George's stomach. It rises so fast, and Dream knows, for certain, that George is going to lose it if he doesn't continue.

"Why have you stopped?" George pleads for an answer, digs his nails into Dream's scalp like he'll find one there.

Dream sinks his mouth to the purple forming under George's belly button. The kiss is light. Dream

kisses him like he's afraid this is their only night—but he doesn't let the thought stay long.

"You said, 'good,'" Dream looks back up at him. "What was?"

George's forearm slaps over his face. He grunts as though Dream has annoyed him. He's shy.

Dream smirks at it.

"Everything you're doing," George admits, chest still rising and dropping.

"Oh," Dream hums sarcastically. "So... Me?"

George tears his arms down. He rolls his eyes.

"Yes," he whimpers slightly. "Yes, you. You idiot. You're good."

Two.

Dream's breath fades off into a bright laugh.

"Hurry," George adds. "Kiss me."

The tip of George's nose is a lot redder than Dream remembers it being. Perhaps he is too, with all the pressing that he's been doing into George's skin. They must match, Dream thinks. From their blushes, to the way their cores are hollowing out and filling with a raging fire.

Dream feels a tug on his hair when his tongue drags back down George's waist, lower than he had gone before.

"No," George whispers breathlessly.

As Dream hears it, he pauses. An unfamiliar rush of cold fogs up through his veins. He pulls back and tries to read George.

"Me." George's fingers squirm through Dream's hair. "Kiss me."

Dream opens and closes his mouth once, twice, and then the third time he does it, he feels the coil break inside of him. Something scratches so low, and Dream can't help but let his eyes soften at the look on George's face.

His hand comes up slowly, to feather at the underside of Dream's jaw.

"Do you want to?" George asks.

Does he?

Does he? Dream doesn't think he's wanted to do something more in his life.

He hovers over George, licks his own lips, and sighs shakily until his breath is gone.

"This morning, when I woke up, I watched the sun shine on you."

George furrows a brow. He brings his hand to the back of Dream's nape and messes with the strands of hair.

"What does that mean, *lyricist*?"

Dream gives him a sincere look. “You already said it this morning.”

George considers for a moment.

“You have the room all lit up for me cause I enjoy it,” he starts, tugging Dream down softly. “You dislike the sun shining so bright through your room at this hour, but you wanted to let it in because you knew it’d look nice this morning?”

Dream tugs his bottom lip into his mouth.

“Did it for you,” Dream mumbles. “You’re so pretty under the sun.”

George pulls him closer.

“Which means you do want to kiss me?”

His mouth is so close. Dream’s bottom lip grazes against George’s with each breath they take. It’s so powerful at this angle, so desperate. Dream wants to grab at his chest, reach for his heart, and never let go.

Their foreheads press when George uses his hand to drag Dream by the back of his neck until they’re touching.

“Of course it does,” Dream whispers. “I don’t think you understand how bad I want you right now.”

There’s a careful moment of silence between them, as if the sun has just given way for new light to bleed through the windows. For a second, George’s cheek glows, and Dream shifts to press his mouth against it, to finally feel how warm and how gentle the skin of his face is right against his lips. His cheeks may portray a blush, but still George’s cheeks are cooler, and Dream’s body admires that.

“Then show me, Clay,” George whispers at the shell of his ear, brushes a kiss against the underside of his jaw.

They’re touching each other with their lips. From ear to jaw to cheek. Blindly. Desperately.

Some of Dream’s hair falls forward into his eyes, but he doesn’t let it stir his vision.

He kisses again, this time at the corner of George’s mouth, and chokes on his own laughter when George tries to turn into it. Dream is slow with every movement, like they’re made of a thicker syrup, trying to drain each other in their last moments. As the corners of their lips touch, George whispers to him, says his name again, like a plea.

And when Dream meets his mouth, he knows he has melted. He takes a good three seconds to realize that they’re actually kissing—all lips and nothing more than the two of them.

George’s hands sneak around to fold at the nape of Dream’s neck.

Dream would be lying to himself if he said that the kiss wasn’t slightly awkward at first. Slightly awkward, but entirely arousing.

“Soft,” Dream urges, breathes into the mouth in front of him. “Slow.”

George follows with him, arches his back in a smooth flow and licks up behind Dream’s teeth. He moves so slow that Dream hardly has time to process that George is sitting upright in bed.

The positioning has changed. Dream straddles his waist now, and George's hands slip fondly up his sweatshirt. He whines and whines as their tongues press against one another's. Dream is practically gone now, just barely surviving as his chest stays flush to George.

His hands cup dangerously to George's cheeks, smallest fingers digging into the depths of his hair.

"You said—" George laughs into Dream's mouth, cries out when Dream bites. "You said slow."

Dream rolls his hips forward, feels the pain against his forehead when George's mouth rips from his as he looks down to where their cores meet. He's hard against him, the swell of his cock so pretty against George's grey sweatpants.

George pants, holds his tongue as his nose rubs Dream's cheek.

In the deepest part of Dream's mind, he thinks of George and the sun, and how sun-soaked he'd be if Dream just fucked him near the window, closer to where the heat is, closer to where the glow is.

"Fuck slow," Dream tells him.

George tosses his head back and urges Dream forward. Their hips rock, meet so intensely that George has to press his fingers between their waists. He nods soon after, his eyes glazed with lust and familiar passion. Dream smooths his hand over George's bare shoulder, doesn't move from his position on George's waist, but kisses at the stubble on his chin. He reaches his mouth in a hurry, sucks in a breath and chuckles under his blue-turning mouth.

Dream misses the pink, but George is still here. His mouth is still soaked, and Dream wants in.

"Dream." George's palms are flat on his back, tucked so far under his shirt that Dream can feel the cool air against his skin.

"Hm?"

Their eyes meet.

Dream knows he's fucked when George smiles with a soft grin and a pair of sincere eyes.

"I want every part of you," he tells him.

Dream stills. "Okay."

His fingers and his waist and his eyes are all on George.

"Okay?" George asks, a smirk half grown on him.

Dream lets his head fall back as he exasperates a sigh. It echoes amongst the deepest parts of his body.

George wants him.

He feels hands touch his face this time.

"That too much?" George whispers.

Dream finds his eyes. "No, no—I just. You want me."

He says it as if he needs reassurance.

“Come here,” George hums, keeps a hand on Dream’s face until he is the one pressed to the bed.
“Good.”

Three.

Dream’s cheeks darken and burn at the sudden rush of blood to his head. He sees George from a newer angle. He’s on top of him, much messier, hidden from the light of the sun, blocking it, shielding it.

“Fuck, you look good in the sun,” George says to him.

Dream lets out a moan, a soft laugh, and reaches his hands until his lips are on George’s again, until he can hook his ankle around his back and bring their bodies flush once more.

When George tucks his hand underneath the front of Dream’s sweatshirt, he crumbles.

“You think so?” Dream is warmer now, from head to toe, from mind to soul, and he doesn’t want to stop getting closer to George.

“I do,” George whispers. “Take this off, though.”

He’s grumbling under his breath. Oh. Dream laughs.

“God, you’re so fucking bossy like this.”

George rolls his eyes and kisses Dream again.

“So what,” he mutters. “I think it’s better if you do this with me like this.”

His fingers tug on Dream’s sweatshirt again, and Dream can’t help but love the new angle they’re in. George’s waist is against his. His knees are on either side of Dream’s body, and Dream holds tightly at his lower back, fearing that maybe he’d tilt, maybe he’d fall if Dream didn’t hold tight enough.

“What’s better if I do *what* like *what*?”

George’s shoulders drop. “You’re doing everything on purpose.”

He is. He *so* is, over and over again, and he’d do it so many more times just to watch George’s face move from desperate to frustrated.

“Take your damn clothes off, Dream.”

Dream does. He tilts forward, keeps one arm on George, and uses the other to yank his sweatshirt off. He keeps note of how George watches him the entire time, even tries to help him at the last second.

As soon as his chest is bare, George touches. His grip is light over Dream’s collarbones, like he’s afraid of losing him. Dream sees the worry in his eyes and seals it away with a kiss on George’s own shoulder.

“You know it’s just me.” Dream doesn’t know if it means anything to him, but the relaxation of George’s body on his own is a good thing.

It’s been all touch, so much gripping. Dream has felt more of George, has soaked up all of his skin in the past thirty minutes than he thinks he ever has before.

“You,” George whispers over his mouth. “I love you.”

Dream barely grins when he hears the words. There’s a halt in his chest, a rattle and a pause, a punch straight to the throat. A sensation of greed rolls through him, and Dream desires nothing but the man in front of him. His hands grip harder along George’s waist, along the swell of his back, along every curve and pulsing point of his body. Dream stifles his breaths, counts to three again and again until he processes the words, how they were said, and where they were said. And when George mumbles them again, Dream swears in all that he whimpers.

Life with them has never been simple. It’s always been a matter of distance and smashed up feelings, rough patches that don’t clear up within a day or two, troubles with communication. Dream has played scenarios in his head about falling in love, and every single one of them was with George. He’s avoided the word on his tongue around the boy for so long for this very reason—that saying it feels like a promise he wasn’t sure he’d ever be able to keep without fucking up. But now as George whispers it, just centimeters from his tongue, Dream swears that his life has never gone the way he thought it would.

“Your mouth today,” Dream whispers back, kisses him once, and then retreats.

George looks between his eyes. “Yeah?”

Dream runs his hand down George’s chest, guides him forward until his hips rock. George sighs into the gesture.

Dream can see the wet spot on his sweatpants.

“First your mouth was so pretty and wet,” he hums.

He guides him forward. George’s eyes roll back.

“Then it felt warm.”

George bites his tongue as Dream lifts his own hips.

“Now it’s saying the most sincere things.”

George presses the heel of his palm to his sweatpants and both of them let out a hiss at the contact. A laugh is murmured between them, but they both pay it no mind and rather let it simmer between the motions of their hands and the guidance of their hips.

“Do you mind it?” George brings Dream’s cheek up until their eyes lie together. “My mouth?”

Dream regards him for a moment. “No, because I love you. And I want this more than I think you’d ever know, George.”

The way George bites his own lip ruins Dream—from the inside out. The pits of his gut have suffered from poison, but now they bloom colors of reds and purples and blues and terrible pinks. George is his garden, his sticky candy in the palm of his hand, and Dream is afraid that he’ll squeeze all the color from him if he dares to speak another word.

“Touch me,” George says.

Dream doesn’t hesitate. “Oh—I’d be honored.”

Dream holds his breath, until George is bare, until his skin melts with the sun again, until the head

of his cock presses to the inside of Dream's cheek, until he is arching and arching in pleasure, begging for release against some fucking pillow. Dream watches in admiration, takes all of him in, thumbs over where he's red, swirls precum with spit. He whimpers on his own, unbelievably starved from the touch that they've been holding back all this time.

"You're quite brave," George says breathlessly. "Quite, quite brave for someone to be talking all this smack about my mouth when you're the one who's about to make me come this quick off a blowjob."

Dream looks up at him through his eyelashes, prays that George sees something in him, down in the caves of his eyes. Lust, maybe. Love, definitely.

"Don't."

George stills. "You're an asshole."

Dream needs to please, to make George feel good, to watch his chest rise and fall in so much pleasure until his body is shaking. He wants it. George's toes are already curled, and his hands are knotted in the tips of Dream's hair.

"So good," George whispers as his head falls back.

Four.

"Thought I was an asshole?"

"You're so good, you asshole."

Does this count as five? Surely. God, Dream wants to fuck him until George is muttering over his fingers, until his cheek is pressed firmly to the pillows, until his eyes are squinted, and until his voice is lost between the two of them.

Dream's tongue draws up the underside of George's cock, and the older tugs him down. Dream hums at the gesture, bottoms out on him, mutters to finish until George comes down his throat.

He yanks Dream up.

"Fuck." He blinks at him.

Dream's chest is rising and falling too fast. He chuckles. Cum dribbles off his chin.

"Holy shit," George widens his eyes. "I can't even look at you. That's so hot. God."

Dream turns his chin. "Look at me."

George follows.

The sight of him is too hard for Dream to describe. He wants to paint this picture of George, place it in a sacred spot in his memory, only for him to see. It's so delicate—the image of him all leaned up against the mattress on his elbows, the sun so much brighter than it has been all morning. He's squinting now, but the sun shows off the blush-red of his face, shows off Dream's marks on his chest, shows off the pinkness of his nipples and his lips, and Dream has never been more in love.

"You're fucking gorgeous."

"Don't tell me that when you have cum on your face, you're disgusting," George jokes.

He's so cute.

Dream pushes George's leg further out. "I'm about to fuck you, George. I don't care what I look like."

This ushers a smile to George's lips. He shudders underneath Dream's touch, leans into him like he's begging for another grasp, a closer reach. If Dream notices the inches closer he becomes, or the stickiness between them from the sweat, he says nothing. But he can't stop pointing it all out in his head. How George's skin sticks to him like they're both drowning in the middle of a hot day. George has only come once and yet he's breathing this heavily against Dream, and the top layer of his arms are making their palms fit much firmer. It's intoxicating. Dream never wants to let it go. He wants to wash his sheets another day and think back to this exact morning.

"Is that what you're planning on doing?"

Dream thumbs at his mouth, sticks George's chest against his. "If you'd like me to."

George looks down, eyes him as if he craves nothing more than the man in front of him.

"Your dick is wet, so I suppose we should fuck," he says, eyes closing slowly as his teeth show.

Dream surges forward to kiss him forcefully, to wrap him in that silent seal of a promise that he's already recognized as their own. George chuckles into Dream's mouth, mutters against it, bites at his lip until Dream twitches against his sweatpants.

"Your words are so vulgar, George," Dream hears a faint echo as he pulls away from him. "Filthy."

George exhales, keeps his eyes closed as Dream whispers to him.

He sees him falling, watches him dip back into that need of touch, all with the tiny movements of his fingers all over Dream's chest and stomach and waistband.

"Will you kiss me awhile, first?" George asks softly.

Hovered over him like this, all Dream can do is lean down and grant the wish that plays from his lips.

"Baby," Dream sighs—plays with the word, feels a tug in his stomach when he watches George soak into the mattress at the sound of it. "I'll kiss you through this. Before, after everything. All of it."

George can hardly keep still when Dream's mouth paints the underside of his jaw. His chest rises up and down and up and down, and Dream watches. His teeth ease into a bite at the thin skin of his neck.

He watches George in awe, a barely lit fire behind his eye, and feels nothing but the eagerness flowing through him. As he kisses against George, Dream realizes that however long the sun stays up—or stays hidden—they won't be able to cross off every single desire in this bed. As much as he longs to have the swell of George's lips around the burning head of his cock, pumping angrily toward the back of his throat as Dream cradles his face, he wants more to hold him, to grind their hips together, to sweat and kiss and cry until the room is dark again.

As Dream pulls back, he watches George's eyes fill with pools of red, hot greed.

He knows what they both want, and when Dream's fingers dip through the warmth to bury inside

of him, George mewls into the palm of his own hand. Dream opens him up slowly and nervously, paints kisses along George's hip when they arch upward.

"Stay still, George." Dream tickles his skin with a whisper.

George cackles and tosses his head back to his pillow. "No way you just said that to me."

The angles are perfect. Dream sees how swollen his lips are getting just by the way he's gnawing on them. He gets to stare down at the reddening and heated tip of his cock, gets to thumb at it when George's mouth opens to spit out another sarcastic remark. He gets to focus on the caving part of George's belly, and he nearly swears when George tightens around his fingers and puffs his cheeks and rolls his eyes back.

"Here?" Dream's hand stills.

George has forever been playful with him. He's between goofy and exciting and always teasing. But the thrill of his bite when he opens his mouth nearly has Dream crumbling. "There, you asshole. If you don't fuck me soon, I'm going to kill you."

Finding George's prostate makes Dream flush red. A sense of pride rolls over the front of his chest, brightens down his spine.

Dream shuts him up with a wet kiss to the mouth.

It's hard for George to seal it. Dream finds it intriguing, how George is all breathy and moments away from scratching him up. He wants it. He wants George to trail his hands up his forearms, rack his nails down his skin until red is on his body. But he doesn't ask.

"Can't kiss me?" Dream teases.

George squeezes his arm. "I'm close. So—You should—"

Dream eases his hand, works George open slower, in a more detailed way, until George's body isn't shaking as desperately. Instead, he closes his teeth around his own wrist and watches Dream with a scowl.

Barely moments after that, George seizes his hand over the front of Dream's sweatpants.

"It's a crime you're still this dressed," he says.

When Dream hears it, he smiles in endearment.

"Undress me, then."

George does. With heavy breaths and trembling fingers, he gets Dream out of his clothes, until the two of them are clashing teeth again, their mild laughter falling onto the skin of their chests.

By now, Dream can see how gone the two of them are. Nothing but two sides of the sun that have finally met. The heat between them is glowing, and Dream breathes it in so deep that his lungs burn.

"Christ, you're big," George mutters.

Dream's cheeks burn and sweat trickles at his temples.

"Shut up."

George cackles. “No.”

Dream kisses his mouth when George’s colder hand grips over him.

Having his touch runs a new circuit through Dream’s body.

“I need—”

“—me?” George’s eyes are round and wide and dark.

“Well, yes,” Dream holds back a cry when George scoots as far as he can up close to his chest. It’s only then when the quick motion causes the headboard to hit the wall. Dream wonders how much noise they’ve been making this entire time. “But what I need is a condom. Lube. I don’t know where it is. But it’s not in my hand. And I need you.”

George pauses in his hold.

Dream’s hands are up his back, his nails are somewhere near his spine. With one roll of his hips, Dream swears that the both of them could come again. They’re on their knees on the bed, half crouched, half leaning backward. George is somewhere on his lap. Dream needs this.

“Do you keep it at your side table?” George strokes his cheek.

Dream finds his eyes, finds the peace and the sincerity in it.

God, Dream wants to fuck him, but more than anything, he wants to lay him down and watch the way his mouth will move when Dream enters him slowly—when he fails to kiss him when the pleasure becomes too much.

“Yes.”

George stretches to find it, returns only a second later with a regular bottle and a condom. “Sexy.”

“I hate flavored lubes.”

George smiles at him. “That’s fair. I don’t mind.”

There’s a moment between them, probably something Dream would consider a rumble through his chest—a shock of reality. He’s got George in front of him, all beautiful like this. George with a condom in his hand, Dream with what he supposes must be dried cum somewhere under his chin. George must like it, he has to, because Dream is still here.

They’re needy, still warm-lit with the sun.

As Dream enters George, he swears that the entire world around them goes quiet. Even the wind of the trees outside turns into a silence.

Dream has to remind George to breathe at first, and even himself moments after as he feels the walls close in around him. By then, George’s hands fly back to hit the headboard behind him. Dream laughs, soothes words at the base of George’s throat as he tries to kiss him.

“Go,” George mutters to him.

Dream drips sweat onto George’s chest and tries to point it out. They laugh together, moan into the same pitch at the same time. But George’s hands don’t leave any spot on Dream’s skin.

And Dream knows that somewhere in his body is his heart—and it's all pinks and reds for George.

Dream lets his hips hit George's until the smacking sound of skin radiates around the room. It's loud, filthy, like George's mouth was. Like it can be. Like Dream's can be too.

"Fuck," Dream swears out.

George meets his eyes, like he's desperate enough to swear with him.

"You're so good."

Dream lowers his head until it's in the crevasse of George's neck, until he's panting and chasing the feeling that coils in his belly.

How many is that, George?

"Fuck," Dream swears lighter. "You feel incredible."

George's breathing increases, rises in pitch. He laughs and lets go of the longest, thickest moan that Dream has ever known.

"You're ruthless," George grumbles under his breath. "How do you know how to please so well?"

Dream nearly cries out to him. George has to know what he's doing. His tongue swirls in the most sincere ways, and Dream knows his hips are giving the perfect angle to make his cock brush against George's prostate. It's the best mixture.

Dream pulls away and uses a hand to hold George's chin.

"You're praising me," Dream admits.

George opens his mouth, pants softly while Dream continues to fuck and fuck and fuck.

"I know," George whispers. "And you love it."

Dream closes his eyes.

"You're playing a dangerous game here, George."

George's cock rests blindly against the warmth of his own stomach. It drips in need, and Dream knows.

"I'm literally so close already," George chuckles shyly against his forearm that covers his face.

Dream pulls it away.

"No way," he whispers.

"Don't you dare act like you're not right there with me." George's face burns a carmine red. "You haven't gotten off once all night, I know you have to be close."

He's right.

Right there with you. You're right, George. I've always been right there with you.

Dream licks into George's mouth, up behind his teeth, sucks at his bottom lip as he listens to the aching cries George huffs out.

“Shit.” George’s hand scrapes at the back of Dream’s neck as he forces their foreheads together.

He feels it, too, as George paints his chest, comes dangerously high toward his neck. Dream tries to grab at the tip of his cock at the last moment, but George is so sensitive that his body jolts from the touch. Dream whispers words of encouragement at his red mouth, at the curve of his lip, at his swollen and filthy tongue.

Around Dream’s thrusts, George is tightening. It burns in Dream’s core, makes his muscles twitch.

“Dream, *baby*,” George whispers to him. “Harder.”

It doesn’t take Dream long—he’s been *right there with George*. He spills into the condom and presses a hand into the mattress to prevent his body from dropping on George’s chest.

George chuckles as his hand slides up Dream’s back.

“Look at us,” George hums, pressing a kiss to Dream’s burning shoulder. “That was.”

He doesn’t add in a word. So, Dream laughs.

When they turn their heads to look at each other, Dream decides that he’s never had such a sweet moment in his life. George must feel gross. Dream sure as hell does, but he’s still on these navy sheets with George, he’s got the taste of older jolly ranchers, bitter cum, and George in his mouth and he doesn’t mind it at all.

If life was meant to be like this for the two of them, then Dream supposes he wants every morning to be this way. Maybe less intense on his chest and with flow. Not so many breaks, more over the thigh rides, longer sessions, more touch, longer blow jobs—*Stop*, he tells himself.

“Good,” Dream whispers. “You were good.”

If George likes praise, Dream wants to know.

He grins upon hearing it, and Dream watches the pink fizzle up from his neck.

“I was good?” He teases.

Dream kisses him slow.

“I love you,” Dream touches his collarbones. “Yes. You were good, George. I want you like this all mornings.”

George grumbles. “Okay, well. I don’t know about every morning, you horny—”

Dream shuts him up with his mouth.

“You know what I mean.”

The sun burns less harshly into the room, and Dream wonders if it’s just the mid morning glow that has him all giddy. Giddy and hungry and smiling like a fool. George touches him like he needs more, hooks his leg around Dream’s thigh and cuddles into his side as if he’s grown shy, like he didn’t just have Dream’s fingers in his mouth and his dick in his ass.

“A shower,” George hums. “I think we need to shower. And eat breakfast.”

Dream feels dazed. “I can do that.”

George smirks at him. “Do what?”

“Make breakfast. Shower,” Dream’s chest rises slowly.

“You’re so cute,” George sits up. “Will you cook with me?”

There’s definitely a glow to him. He’s peachy now, and Dream wonders: If he pops another watermelon candy in his mouth, will he taste even sweeter than the way he looks? His posture loosens and his bones go soft against the bed.

“Give me one of your shirts—Are you going to ignore me?”

“I just don’t want to stop looking at you right now,” Dream tells him, wraps a blanket around his body as he shuffles across his room to find one of his merch hoodies for George to wear.

He digs in a box for one.

“Borrow this one,” Dream throws one George’s way, and uses one for himself.

Then he stands still, the tops of his thighs barely covered as he grins at a messy haired George across the room.

“I’m not giving it back,” George states.

Dream rolls his eyes. “Keep it then.”

An ache sets in at the nape of Dream’s neck. He knows that George has scraped his skin, and the thought has him smirking at the man in front of him.

Dream pulls a pair of boxers up his legs. He presses a knee to the bed and reaches forward to grab at the end of George’s hoodie. He pulls him forward until they’re chest to chest.

Their gaze is innocent, and George looks up at Dream as if he’s watching the sun right before his eyes. It’s gentle, from touch to the way they glance at each other. Dream wonders if it’s possible to go from such intense sex to intimate looks.

And *shit*, they still need to *talk* about all of this. He’s just not sure if right now, half dressed and looking and feeling like *this* is the best time.

Maybe he should try.

“George,” Dream hooks a finger under his chin.

George pulls his lip between his teeth. “Breakfast.”

It’s like he can see through him. George *knows* the center of Dream, knows his ins and outs, his wants and desires. Dream swallows down his worry.

“Talk later?” Dream pouts.

George kisses him on the mouth.

“Shower with me later,” George grips his hand. “We can talk then.”

Dream allows himself to be dragged toward the kitchen. “I can’t believe we’re not fucking showering first. Filthy, covered in—”

George holds his middle finger up toward Dream to shut him up.

End Notes

thank you for reading!! please feel free to leave a comment if you enjoyed :)

I also (5/20) just made a twitter, so if you'd like to follow and see the things i will be writing, working on, etc etc, feel free to follow me on [there](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!